

Angel Footfalls.

Where the grass beyond the doorstep
Trampled down by baby feet,
Make at least a narrow pathway
Until you reach the highway
One by one I lost their footfalls
Mingled in the highway's roar;
So I hear to-night but echoes
From my silent chamber floor.

Other baby feet that pattered
In our cottage to and fro,
Never lapsed into dust highway
Never tolled through pain or woe;
But the white-robed forms of mercy
Led them through the unseen door;
Still in velvet slippers and footfalls
Visit now my chamber floor.

I am gazing from my window
At the rising harvest moon,
Dreaming out an old man's fancies
Of a harvest coming soon,
When the listening and longing
And the watching shall be o'er,
May my homeward-tolling children
Find the waiting open door.

A writer in *Lincolncotts' Magazine*

"But yes, monsieur," the happy fellow responds; "it is all settled. Francis says that if Jeanette wishes to go, she will come and live with me, so Jeanette says she will go. And it will be very soon," he adds as he takes the reins. "Very soon?" we both ask. "Two weeks," Estache answers firmly; "and if mademoiselle and the

ing. "O, it cannot be! Monsieur Paradol, you cannot mean it! Why he was looking forward to taking us to Bangor this afternoon, and he took off his cap to us with such a pleasant smile as he drove off with those people from Vannes early this morning. "But yes, Monsieur, it is all true. The two ladies from Vannes wanted him to drive to the cliffs near the camps of the Romans; and as one of them took off her glove to pick some flowers near the edge her ring came off

of your country are properly administered. If they were not, you would have no ships. Take your seat, sir, with the jury."

There's a wide difference between "printing" a kiss and "publishing" it.

Some Quick Replies.

ver exhorting him in this manner. It was so hot that he put it down more rapidly than he intended, for the divorce was accompanied by expressions from the Athanasian creed. A guest instantly drew forth his memorandum book and began to pencil. The bishop asked, "What are you writing?" "Your grace, I am not writing," answered the guest. (Globe, C1).

FOR THE CHILDREN,

the Connecticut River? The boy explained its relation to music, when the farmer gave him his closing rejoinder. "Oh, music! Well, I never was much on that. But I tell ye what, bub, everything is named so sort of geographical nowadays that one can't hardly judge between the title of a place, a post, and a township. When a place is so well named served as

THE HOUSEHOLD.

gar and tomatoes take 4 ounces of ground mustard, 4 ounces of ground pepper, 1 ounce of cloves, and 13 small onions which have been sliced. Take out tomatoes from jar, wipe them and replace again in the jar putting in the above ingredients as layers of tomatoes are made. Heat vinegar almost to a boiling point and pour on the tomatoes. The tomatoes will keep in their form and color.

THE FARM. *

enough beside for your wife to
afternoon receptions, and for
neighbors to come over of an
ing and talk about the weeds and
caus. A half-hour at nightfall
in restfulness and quiet upon
a veranda, with your wife and
ren about you, will be a full com-
pensation for the hard work of the
best field, under a midsummer